BARGAINS IN PEACHBASKETS

A HUNT FOR BLACK CHERRIES IN DIVISION STREET.

The Cut Rate Millinery and the Enterprising Saleswomen of the East Side Willow Feathers and Gorgeous Flowers, but No Fruit to Be Had.

Outside a store in Division street you stop and ask the proprietress if she happens to have any black cherries to replace the bunch that has dropped one by one from the front of your Fifth avenue peach basket confection. You ask it outside because she happens to be sitting there, huddled up in a wet corner with a triangular shawl drawn tight about her. She has laid a detaining hand on your arm, which accounts for your choosing that particular shop for your initial inquiry. She starts to answer your question and then, catching sight of a silver necklace of the Oriental make, grabs it instead.

"Must have cost a heap of money, hey? Makes Tiffany look like a pawnbroker," she says. "My son stubbed his toe an' fell over a piece like that somethin', only it had di'mints in it; he put it in his pocket; thought it was glass until he had his attention called by a police officer to an ad. in the paper. Worth as much as yours, I guess. Sweetheart? Better hang on; they're slippery these days. Must think a heap o' you, though. Five hundred dollars worth, anyway."

You recall her to the subject of your inquiry and point out where the cherries have fallen from their high estate.

"Black churries? My, we've got heaps of 'em." She looks critically at those remaining. "None as cheap as them, though. Guess you got 'em over on Grand street. Lots of people make that mistake; think there ain't any millinery except that, and it ain't got any more style to it than if you got it on Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn."

She leads the way through an avenue of millinery boxes piled high on either side to the rear of the small store. The floor is covered with excelsior and a clothesline carries a horizontal decoration of pendant hats. You catch an accompanying murmur of remarks as to the superiority of her cherry harvest over any in the neighborhood.

Finally her advance is stopped by the seated figure of a solitary man who is placidly chewing gum or something else and has a proprietary air as he views his picturesque surroundings.

"Pop, these ladies want some black churries. I told 'em we had some fine ones, but they'd have to pay; we don't keep no cheap goods."

Pop looks his customers over, changes the location of the source of his serenity and looks languidly at the shelves and counters, where a meagre supply of millinery equipment is to be seen.

"We ain't got no churries," he replies at length. Then he resumes his interrupted labors.

The proprietress is perfectly poised as she listens to this contradiction of her assertion. She zigzags her way through side lanes of boxes and opens one or two en route.

"They don't wear churries no more; they're all out of style long ago. We sold heaps of 'em when they first came in months ago, but it's all flowers now and plumes, you know.

"Here's some lovely laylobks, purple. You'd have to pay $20 for a wreath like that on Fifth avenue, because it's getting on to the end of the season an' of course we don't have the rents here. It's a bargain, I can tell yer, and it 'd look lovely with that necklace.

"You don't care for it, you want churries? Well, how'd this hat do? It's Neapolitan and that jet buckle at the side cost $1.50 at wholesale. You can have it for $4.25, the whole thing; or here's a light blue chip with a bunch of red feathers. That red's a smart color, ain't it? It's the feathers that make it cost, and red, too. It's $6 but if you took the bunch off and put a ribbon bow there, purple 'd be smart on that blue, you could have it for $5.

"You want churries? Why, they ain't wearing churries. Pop, you know they ain't wearing churries. You remember Abe was in the other day, just back from Paris, and he didn't see a whole churry while he was gone."

She follows you to the door and declaims persistently on the lack of understanding that causes you to prefer to follow your own bent instead of her suggestions. However, she regains her good nature as she takes her chair and putting out a scrawny hand pulls vigorously at a passing mackintosh.

The owner with her companion has stopped to gaze with awe and astonishment at the single hat in the window. It is of the peach basket variety and its trimming resembles a country orchard. From the base of silk apples stuffed with cotton springs a tower of plumes, and wide ribbons are tied coquettishly about the holder, which represents a chin. A placard announces that it is a special sale and the price is $10.

The invitation is not taken and the mackintosh is freed by a masterly effort from the clinging fingers, while its owner and her companion saunter by.

"Sightseers!" snorts the proprietress as she huddles herself anew into her shawl and her wet corner. "Ain't buyin', just window lookers. Make me tired." She vouchsafes you a parting word of like amiability. "If you find churries anywheres it'll be on Grand street. They keep all the tag ends after the Division shops get through."

You try again further along the block that is still punctuated here and there by windows blossoming with all sorts and kinds of millinery attractions, although a passerby informs you that since the building of the new bridge the neighborhood has rapidly changed and the majority of the famous shops of this sort are seeking new quarters in nearby streets, preferably Grand, which is to the Division street milliner what Fifth avenue is to the uptown modiste.

"Most of the owners of these shabby looking stores have made money too," he adds. "They've been at it for years and are shrewd buyers. Lots of nice people come here, people from Jersey and The Bronx and Long Island, and they pick up bargains too. There's been hundreds of thousands of dollars made in Division street millinery in times past, but its day is practically over now."

Apparently the little lame girl of whom you inquire for black cherries next does not think so. She is very quiet, almost shy in her manner, and has little of the aggressiveness of the usual Division street seller. She explains this later by saying that she is a new hand and is in her first place.

She is very anxious in a nice, ladylike way that you should help her to make good, for she hasn't had sales enough yet to assure herself of the permanency of her job.

"I haven't got any black cherries," she says rather sadly, "but I've got three lovely willow plumes. I think black would look perfectly lovely on that hat. I've got a friend uptown, Miss Morrissey, —perhaps you know her—she works on Fifth avenue—and she says that you've just got to have a willow plume if you want to be in it.

"Some people like to have these plumes turned on their backs, this way. They're called lobster plumes then—don't those long things look like lobster claws? Miss Morrissey said they was called that because only lobsters could afford to buy 'em, but they ain't dear at all. This is only $15, and the black of course is more, but ain't it worth a dollar more to have a black feather?"

You mildly suggest at this point of the monologue that as you started out to buy a 75 cent bunch of cherries a $15 willow plume hardly seems like good housekeeping, but your objections if not overruled are at least laid on the table, or to be exact, on the pasteboard cover which in the Division street shop takes the place of that article of furniture.

"Of course it ain't as cheap as churries, I know, but it'll last for years." Seeing no sign of yielding she continues with a new pleading in her tone. "If you'd take it you'd be my first sale and we're awful superstitious down here about our first sales; if we make 'em to nice people and they're big, why, the whole day goes all right and we always make reductions on the first sale, too.

"I can let you have that lobster for $14.75, or the black for $15, that's a whole dollar off and we wouldn't think of it if you weren't the first that came in. You want churries and not any plumes? Well, it's too bad. I wish you could meet Mis' Morrissey. I know she'd make you see what a mistake you're making, but I guess its 'cause I ain't used to selling willers."

You inquire of an idle policeman if he has any idea where you would be likely to find black cherries on Division street. He thinks at first that you are speaking of the real article and says that it's a little early in the season but later on the push-cart men will have plenty. You explain that you are thinking of the decorative and not the dinner kind, and when his attention is directed toward the millinery end he gets enthusiastic.

"I tell you when you get on Divison street you can get anything you want except a Salome dance; you can't get that yet, not in the daytime, but anything else. If I was buying black cherries I'd go over on Grand street.

"There ain't any millinery on Fifth avenue can touch it, and look at the guys that commenced down here and now are just the top of the heap, and if anybody goes into them emporiums, in particular near one of the Forties, and asks the proprietor if he can direct 'em to Grand street, why, they say he shoos 'em out so quick that a moving picture's like an Eyetalian funeral in comparison."

You elude the policeman's pointing finger and slip inside the next shop that shows its purpose by a periphery of green straw encircled with a garland of pale yellow blossoms of the hollyhock size and shape, which you learn later are wild flowers. A hat on the opposite side of the window runs it a close second. This is of black chip, turned up at the back, with a fountain of upshooting lavender ospreys and a huge black rose with a golden centre. The price is $8; and while you are in the establishment on your modest quest it is sold to a buxom Jewess who wears hoop earrings and an Empire gown of pink, rain spotted, for $4.69. It is explained that she is a regular customer.

The shop extends far into the rear. A few would-be purchasers are seated here and a trio of East Side saleswomen stand about or languidly condescend to show their goods.

They are very magnificent in appearance. Their pompadours extend far beyond their faces and arrive at any given point about a second before the wearers. In the back, a similar hirsute equipment prevents rear end collisions, and one of them explains to a personal if highly complimentary remark on the part of one of the seated throng that it is built on a small pincushion and that she does not take it down at night.

A row of pathetic looking women are standing limp as to backbone in front of one of the most talkative sellers. They are apparently overcome by the magnificence of their surroundings, but they have the courage of their convictions. They would look foreign anywhere except in Division street. Only one, the head of the line, has the buying attitude. The others are seemingly friends and a court of appeal at the same time.

The buyer is sallow skinned, and her hair, drawn tight back and ending in a knob about the size of a door knocker, forms a striking contrast to that of the gum chewing hat seller, who in a trig tailor skirt and Dutch neck lingerie waist reminds you in manner if not style of the milliner assistants of the uptown districts. A large hat trimmed with perky bows, turquoise in tint, with a cluster of cabbage roses, has been selected for the first tryout and is handed with patronizing gesture to the head of the line, who shakes her head and without unclasping her limp hands interrogates the court of appeal. They shake their heads in unison and speak as if they had practised beforehand:

"We don't like it."

"They don't like it," repeats the saleslgirl to the rest of the assistants, who repeat the phrase in shocked surprise.

"They don't like it."

The row of waiting purchasers look at one another and chorus, as if at rehearsal of a Greek tragedy:

"They don't like it."

Another hat is taken from the array, this time of the mushroom kind, with a purple panache. It covers the head of the salesgirl who tries it on coquettishly; even her coiffure fails to prevent the total eclipse.

"Perfectly grand!" shriek the rest of the sales corps.

"We don't like it," say the line of shoppers.

"They don't like it," repeat the visitors on the row of chairs.

Another hat is tried and another and another, with like result.

Finally, without any farewell, the row turns as if on a pivot and stalks out.

The corps of sellers watch them and the head of the establishment expresses the vexation of the rest.

"Them Polish women all want little bits of hats. They've worn 'em all their lives and their grandmothers wore 'em, and now they come over here and expect to wear 'em. We'd look grand, wouldn't we, selling small hats with the present style!" She clicks the doors of the glass cases and turns an inquiring eye.

You murmur something about black cherries, a little shamefacedly it must be confessed.

The look of contempt is now directed toward you. Possibly she suspects your nationality. It couldn't be more patronizing if she knew it.

"Black what, ma'am? Oh, cherries." She turns toward the corps. "She wants black cherries."

They repeat it together, looking as if you had said that you would like a dozen or so green pumpkins, life size. "She wants black cherries."

"Fruit's gone out. Nobody don't wear it no more," she says.

You apologize at length, explaining that if you had not got used to black cherries by a month or so's wearing you of course would not think of obtruding such a foolish wish, and that to put anything except cherries would mean the entire reconstruction of the headgear.

"Get it over on Grand street?" she demands.

Your assertion that it owed its origin to the creative mind of a Fifth avenue milliner is received with silent smiles o contempt. One of the saleswomen says she could duplicate it for $4, and you do not contradict; perhaps she could.

You approach the subject of the missing fruit at the next Division street shop by a circuitous route, asking first for steamer hats.

There is the same corps of effusive saleswomen, five in number, presided over by a matronly looking person, whose husband stands by the door and gazes disconsolately at each possible customer, as if he was afraid he might be asked to get something down from the shelves.

The mention of steamer hats starts a flood of reminiscence. A member of the corps recalls vividly that she came over when she was 5, but she doesn't remember what they wore then. Another goes poking about among the multiplicity of boxes and returns with a cartwheel trimmed with a flower garden and declares that they have sold hundreds of them for steamer trips to Coney Island and that every buyer was perfectly satisfied.

After a moment's silence the most active tongued of the lot announces in a tone that no one would dare contradict that nobody wears hats on steamers now. "Never heard of such a thing," she states. "What would you want to wear a hat for?"

A third inquires, "Second class or steerage?" and the rest look impressed by her intuition and knowledge. "It must cost a lot to go," she comments, "much as five hundred dollars. Yes? They say the steerage is very nice now on the new boats."

This all leads very nicely and easily to the request for black cherries, and when you make it you are not surprised to learn that they have a special quality, better than any you could get in the other shops. The searcher returns with a single bunch of red raspberries and says they are more fashionable; that cherries have gone out, and when they had them they couldn't sell them because they were very unbecoming.

"It is bad luck to wear them, too. Now a wreath something like this"—the this is an herbaceous array of some seventeen varieties of herbs and plants.

You prefer black cherries and your preference arouses a storm of protest.

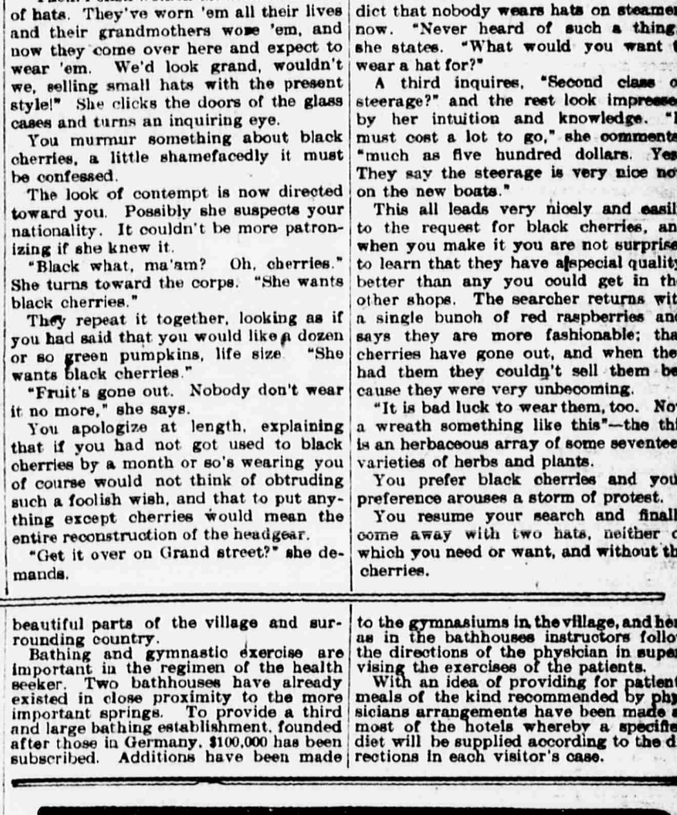
You resume your search and finally come away with two hats, neither of which you need or want, and without the cherries.

SHE COULD TELL A DIVISION STREET HAT AS FAR AS SHE COULD SEE IT.

"I DON'T LIKE DEM BASKETS."

GRAND STREET PSYCHES.

"FRUIT AIN'T FASHIONABLE ANY MORE."



SIGHTSEERS.

CAN'T ESCAPE HIS OWN SONG

MISERY OF THE SONG WRITER WHO MAKES A HIT.

Friends, Street Pianos and Phonographs Hurl It at Him—A Joke on Paul Dresser When Laid Up With the Gout —Flight to Europe From a Song.

"There are times when I wouldn't mind being deaf," said Harry Williams, the song writer. "I mean the times when I have to listen to my own songs.

"Not that the songs aren't all right in their way. I'm not knocking them. They're good enough songs of their sort, but other folks can listen to 'em if they must and will. I'm sick of them. They give me the tizzy-wizzy.

"Because, you see, these songs are pulled on me everywhere, and all manufacturers of songs have the same miserable experience. Take the folks that I meet socially at their homes, here and in other cities. What is the first thing they do—generous souls!—to compliment me?

"Why, they hustle right over to the piano and begin to whack out my songs and to sing 'em. Of course I ought to be pleased when they do this—I've got to look pleased anyhow. I ought to feel myself complimented, as they intend.

"However I may look in such circumstances, I certainly don't feel happy. It's up to me to smirk and look amiably self-conscious and flattered and all like that, but when I look that way I'm the most brazen fraud that you ever saw or heard of in all your born days.

"You see the song writer is more or less bound to become weary of his songs long before they are published. He gets tired of them in fact often enough while he's throwing them together. I have heard that there are some well known writers of books who refuse utterly to look at their writings after the stuff is put into book form. It's the same way with most song writers of my acquaintance, including myself.

"If the song of which the writer becomes weary while he's putting it together makes a hit after it is published then the song writer is in for it. He'll feel like going to Spitzbergen for a few years to get away from the blamed song that has made the hit.

"If he drops into a vaudeville show he's bound to hear the thing sung or played some time or other during the performance. If he trudges into a music store one or other of the clerks is bound to romp over to a piano and begin to knock the tar out of the air of the song, with the pathetic idea that he's making a hit with the writer of the thing.

"If he shows up at any little social blowout where a bunch of his friends are assembled they simply refuse to do anything else but play and howl that new popular song of his.

"In such cases of course the song writer can't come out and beg them to cut it out. That wouldn't look right. So he has to sit and twiddle his thumbs and stand for it. Before the blowout is over they're bound to ask him to play or sing the fool thing himself, and if he tries to wriggle out of doing that, why, they consider him a sulker.

"Then the phonographs of course get hold of the song that has achieved a hit, and that makes for more gloom on the part of the song writer, gloom, I mean, of another sort than because he doesn't get a nickel by way of royalties out of the canned music people.

"Everywhere he goes almost, he butts into a phonograph with a horn about the size of a tunnel, and as soon as the phonograph owners see him coming they turn nineteen handsprings to get out the record on which his song hit is canned. Then he has to sit or stand by while the infernal thing is squeaked or rasped at him.

"In the course of time the barrel organs and street pianos get hold of the song too, and what they do to it is a warning to the wicked. A song writer never knows the depths of real, sure enough suffering until he hears one of his own songs bulleted out of the in'ards of a 20 horse-power street piano. The song itself as it was written would be bad enough shot out of such an instrument of torture, but after the song has been Ginneyized and filled full of those outlandish little pizzicatti curlycues the effect is maddening.

"A bunch of funnyists in this town once gave poor Paul Dresser a horrible afternoon. You remember how hackneyed and soul searing Dresser's songs 'Two Little Girls in Blue,' became? Well, after it reached that fiendishly frazzled stage and Dresser had come to hate and loathe and despise it so venomously that he could hardly be restrained from fighting whenever he heard it, a gang of Dresser's running mates put up the job on him.

"They rounded up down in Mulberry Bend about forty street piano wops whose machines had the 'Two Little Girls in Blue' thing hidden away inside of 'em. Poor Dresser was laid up at his home with the gout, and when Paul, a man who weighed more than 300 pounds, had the gout, why, he used to sit propped up in an easy chair gnashing his teeth and longing for people to come and visit him so's he could kill 'em.

"Well, the gang herded the forty and odd street pianos in front of Dresser's house and had 'em all start 'Two Little Girls in Blue' together in about forty and odd different keys and tempos. The Giuseppes were instructed not to play anything else but to rattle right along till further orders with 'Two Little Girls in Blue.'

"The humorists seated themselves comfortably at the second story windows of a tidy groggery on the corner across the way from Paul's house, where with liquid refreshments and things they could enjoy the contemplation of how Paul was feeling about it.

"The din was something that never was and never will be equalled on this or any other continent. It was one hideous, hellish wail as of 1,000,000 eternally lost and damned souls.

"Instantly the awful uproar began they saw Dresser, whose chair was by the window of his second story front room, yank up the curtain and glare down upon the street below. He shook his fists and bawled out of the open window, but nix, the Sicilians had their instructions and they went right on with some more of 'Two Little Girls in Blue.'

"Then Dresser caught sight of his gang of cronies lurking at the windows over the way, and it was something terrible to listen to the scandalous things that he bellowed at them. After exhausting his voice Dresser began to throw things at the hurdy-gurdvers. He had his nurse fetch him everything in the room that was loose—canes, shoes, wash pitchers, mantelpiece ornaments and everything that could be pried from whatever fastenings it had, and he chucked the stuff at the street pianists.

"They dodged the missiles, but they went right ahead playing 'Two Little Girls in Blue.' It was a fine young afternoon for Dresser, all things considered, and he wouldn't have done anything but murder the people who framed it on him if he could have got hold of them while it was going on.

"As I say, there's no chance for a song writer to get away from the misery of listening to one of his song hits. A few years ago I unreeled a ballad—it had something to do with an apple tree—that, greatly to my astonishment and that of Egbert Van Alstyne, who wrote the music, made a tremendous hit. It was, as we considered, about the most inferior song that we'd ever turned out, but all the same it was a knockout.

"I became so sick of that song within a couple of months after it was published that I actually went to Europe to get away from it, and then I found 'em all singing and chanting and shouting and hollering it in the London 'alls!

"I nudged out of London, and in Paris I found 'em bawling it in all the cafés chantants. Then I went to Berlin, and the first thing I heard when I got there was a military band poom-ta-ra-ra-ing that infernal song at a park concert. Then I streaked to the Austrian Tyrol, where I got away from the fool song for a little while at least."

Gamekeeper's Gallows.

From the London Evening Standard.

In olden days the gamekeeper set up his vermin gallows in each of his big woods. It was to his credit to show that he had killed a large amount of vermin; on his gallows he wrote his own testimonial. Nearly all the vermin he killed was duly displayed. Now the day of the gallows is passing.

Keepers have little time to give to the display; nor do employers always encourage it. No doubt there is a growing feeling against the destruction of wild life involved by the preservation of game; the gallows foster this and lead to bitter, if often misjudged, attacks. Keepers are contenting themselves with a modified form of gallows, as the trunk of a tree, to which the heads, tails, or claws of the malefactors are nailed. Of course small gallows do not speak of the keeper's successful war waging in the old manner of the old fashioned, full measure pattern, but there is much in their favor. As one old keeper remarked of his tree trunk gallows, the faint odor was only enough to set off the scent of the flowers.

PLOUGHING BY STEAM.

Machines Kept Going Night and Day Turning Up the Prairie Sod.

FAULKTON, S. D., June 5.—Climb the court house tower in Faulkton any of these spring nights after the long Dakota evening has settled into dusk and you will see a puzzling sight if you are a stranger.

As far as you can see through the thin, clear atmosphere of the sunshine State you will discover lights, all moving slowly but steadily in straight lines. This spectacle has to do with the filling of the nation's bread basket or the production of its supply of linseed oil. It tells the first chapter of the story that ends with the grain elevator in the harvest days.

For every one of the moving lights belongs to a plough, or rather to a set of ploughs, and with each outfit is a steam traction engine. Eight, twelve, sixteen, even twenty ploughs trail the powerful engine as it moves deliberately across the prairie. Horses cannot work twenty-four hours a day, but iron and steel need no rest. Men can take rest by working in shifts.

Take out your watch and see how long it takes the outfit to overturn an acre of sod. It should not exceed ten minutes. To plough the same amount of ground the old fashioned single plough and the out of date team of horses must travel six or seven miles, according to the width of the plough. A few days ago Thomas Mitchell, driving two rigs of twelve ploughs each, broke a full quarter section in three hours over two days.

If the owner of the land is in a particular hurry to get in his crops he will hitch seeders behind the ploughs and harrows behind the seeders, and when the traction engine has made the distance he need do no more with his crop until he drives into it with his binder.

In Lyman county it is estimated that at least a hundred steam and gasolene ploughing outfits are at work and there are not less than thirty in Faulk county. In the State not less than a thousand of these steam power rigs have been making their way back and forth across the prairie land. This is equivalent to saying that they are producing 25,000 acres of ploughed land every day.

To-day the man who buys virgin soil in Faulk or a similar county doesn't move onto his land and bring a meagre outfit of horses and machinery with which to till it. He stays on the old farm further East or in his town house and hires the owner of a steam plough to break his land, seed it with flax and harrow it.

Flax nets the seller an average of $1 a bushel and it yields about fifteen bushels to the acre as a rule. That means a gross revenue of $15 an acre. The man who does the ploughing charges $3.50 an acre, making for himself about $90 a day as long as the season lasts. Other expenses should not exceed $3.50 an acre, so that the owner is pretty sure to realize $8 an acre from his land, without moving on it or investing a dollar in buildings or machinery or live stock. Flax is the usual first year crop.

GERMAN CURE AT SARATOGA.

Plans for Health Seekers With the Springs Under State Control.

When Gov. Hughes signed the bill providing for a New York State mineral springs reservation at Saratoga Springs an important step was taken toward carrying out the plan of introducing the system followed at German watering places.

In Germany every important mineral water resort has a system as strict almost as the political laws of the country. No patient who goes to the German spas wanders about the springs as he likes or lives his life there according to the dictates of his own fancy. The proprietors of the German health resorts have reduced the art of getting well to a system. There the waters are taken only under medical instruction. The patient follows a mode of life outlined by his physician. His method of recreation is laid down by this same authority. He arises in the morning and he lies down at night not as he wills but as the physician directs. When he walks into the dining room of his hotel he does not wonder what the chef has prepared for dinner to suit his fancy. He knows what he is to eat. His physician has instructed him.

A couple of years ago the village of Saratoga Springs sent a representative with instructions to visit the German spas, to learn their methods and to ascertain if the German regimen could be made a possibility at an American resort. Upon this man's report the village laid out plans along lines substantially the same as those followed at the European spas. The purchase by the State of the mineral springs has given the final impulse needed in this plan to transplant to American soil the methods used so successfully at German watering places.

These cure plans of course have nothing to do with the visitor who comes to Saratoga for only recreation, rest or pleasure. They concern those who are seeking health and who heretofore have gone to European springs. The central building at the foreign spas is a cure house, a public place where patients meet, talk, listen to the band, read and meet others taking the same treatment. To supply this in Saratoga Springs an option has been obtained on Richard A. Canfield's clubhouse, restaurant and Italian garden, built at a cost of over $1,000,000. Here under the present plans patients will have a public recreation point.

The scheme also contemplates the purchase of Congress Spring Park in the centre of the village, to be used as an auxiliary to the cure house.

Exercise plays a strong part in the cure. Walking is often and generally prescribed. For the use of patients a health map of the village streets is used. On this the walks and drives for a radius of five miles are laid out and numbered.

These walks are recommended by the physicians according to the condition of the patient. Some have a slight incline, some are level, some contain a steep hill or two. All are shaded by the most beautiful parts of the village and surrounding country.

Bathing and gymnastic exercise are important in the regimen of the health seeker. Two bathhouses have already existed in close proximity to the more important springs. To provide a third and large bathing establishment, founded after those in Germany, $100,000 has been subscribed. Additions have been made to the gymnasiums in the village, and here as in the bathhouses instructors follow the directions of the physician in supervising the exercises of the patients.

With an idea of providing for patients meals of the kind recommended by physicians arrangements have been made at most of the hotels whereby a specified diet will be supplied according to the directions in each visitor's case.